

"DON'T BACK DOWN"

ORANGE IS THE NEW BLACK

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ACT 1

TITLE CARD: SIX MONTHS AFTER THE RIOT

FADE IN:

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Outside a brick building, no more than four stories high, on a street with few people hanging around and sirens faintly in the background, resides TAYSTEE.

INT. TAYSTEE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Pounding keys translate into ferocious emails on a laptop. One to NBC. Then another to CNN. Then Fox. They have similar subject lines with "PRESS CONFERENCE" a standout phrase.

Taystee sits on a couch in her apartment slumped over her laptop. It's a cramped place, not too clean or too dirty. She's dressed business casual, and also sporting glasses.

In walks RENEE, Taystee's roommate who is about the same age as her. She too is wearing business casual and fastening her earrings while heading towards the door. She picks up her purse then turns to Taystee.

RENEE

You really think this'll work?

TAYSTEE

It's gotta. I don't have another way. They're gonna shit themselves over in Litchfield.

RENEE

Hey, if you say so. Alright, I gotta go.

TAYSTEE

You're gonna watch right?

RENEE

Uh.

Beat.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Of course. If I get a chance.

She walks out. Taystee shakes her head then looks back at her computer. She starts tapping her chin, pondering where she should make her next move. She starts to type out an email, entranced by the screen and focused on her writing.

INT. FRIEDA'S BUNKER - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The doors blown, smoking spreading and debris falling to the ground like feathers. The ten remaining inmates are interlocked, not backing down to the smoke and infiltration of guards. Taystee looks over at SUZANNE and sees her enduring the impact.

GUARDS file in, some shooting above the inmates to scare them. They stand tall, unflinching. HERMANN (40s, tall, stern), the leader of this group, walks in last. He looks at his men and women, and points at the ladies, ordering them to be taken out.

The guards walk down and yank the inmates from each other. They still try to remain calm, but Taystee shows the most worry.

Hermann stands smiling, watching his trophies move out.

INT. HALLWAY NEAR BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Single file, the inmates are taken out moving towards the exit. They step over the body of PISCATELLA. Frieda, the first one out, looks down at the lifeless body. Then comes Red, who freezes when seeing him dead on the floor. The guard ushers her out by yanking on her arm.

EXT. LITCHFIELD ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The inmates, handcuffed, are plopped down beside a van, all in a line. None look too happy.

HERMANN

One... two... yep, that's all of 'em.

He points to a guard next to him.

HERMANN (CONT'D)

Call up Nita, let her know.

GUARD

Yes sir.

He runs off to another van in the distance. Hermann looks over at the girls, his arms wide open as if he were Jesus.

HERMANN
Some bunker, huh?

No response.

HERMANN (CONT'D)
Aww, tonight's the night you
decided to be shy?

Again, nothing.

He walks over to the lineup on the ground. He squats at ALEX, the furthest from the van door. He taps on her head

HERMANN (CONT'D)
Duck.

Then moves on to PIPER next to her.

HERMANN (CONT'D)
Duck.

And GLORIA.

HERMANN (CONT'D)
Goose.

Two guards rush over and drag Gloria up. She is brought inside the van but not before taking one glance back at the others. Hermann moves by the door.

HERMANN (CONT'D)
I'll be back for another rousing
game soon.

INT. PRISON KITCHEN - DAY - PRESENT

Gloria and Red are mixing on the counter. OTHER INMATES behind them chop up vegetables. Guards stand close to the cafeteria watching the kitchen, but not intervening. It feels too normal.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

The cafeteria is full, and there appears to be no trouble. Everyone sits around pleasantly. At one table sits Piper, Alex, NICKY, LORNA, BIG BOO, and FLACA. They're eating from their trays and joking around.

PIPER
So that's how he got stuck.

NICKY
You're one weird fucking bitch.

ALEX
If you think that's bad, listen to her talk about going to try cakes for the wedding.

PIPER
Listen, I'm really serious about carrot cake, it's got a nice texture and all that.

BIG BOO
Ladies, enough. Jeez, you are all aware I'm a big dyke, but that can't get my pussy wet.

They laugh.

PIPER
Fine. We'll stop.

Big Boo goes right back into her meal.

PIPER (CONT'D)
In all seriousness now, what do you think about Caputo?

NICKY
Four outta ten, next question.

They laugh except for Piper.

PIPER
No, like what do you think he's going to do next? The government's gotta have an eye on him and this place, plus there has to be a ton of media attention.

LORNA
I wouldn't worry too much, I don't think he even cares about all that.

PIPER
No, but him caring is the problem. You realize he's probably the only person to ever run this place and want to see us treated like humans.
(MORE)

PIPER (CONT'D)
If he's out, we could be stuck in
another crisis.

ALEX
Piper, just chill out and eat your
breakfast.

PIPER
I don't want to chill out though.
There are still monsters out there
lurking around. I mean, this all
started from Piscatella.

BIG BOO
Oh here we go. Now I'm really as
dry as the Sahara down there.

Nicky and Lorna laugh.

ALEX
Where is all this coming from?
First, he isn't the root of all
this, and second, MCC has always
been shitty and they always will.

PIPER
If some story starts running around
that he's failing after what we
went through, he'll be out.

ALEX
And isn't that an MCC problem? You
know what I don't want to hear this
now.

FLACA
You're not alone.

Flaca looks around and finds MARITZA walking back to her
table. She purposely sticks her foot out, and Maritza almost
goes flying but collects herself.

FLACA (CONT'D)
Oops, didn't see you walking.
Must've been an accident.

Maritza sticks up her middle finger at Flaca.

PRISON GUARD 1
Hey, that's a shot. For both of
you.
(to Maritza)
To your table, now.

Maritza runs off a little frightened over her former friend. She takes a seat next to OUIJA, PIDGE, and ZIRCONIA.

OUIJA

Yo what the fuck was that all about.

Beat.

MARITZA

Nothing. She might have been having a bad day, PMS and all.

ZIRCONIA

So as I was saying, you got French onion in one corner, but you gotta think about matzo ball too.

PIDGE

Shit you making some sense over there.

ZIRCONIA

Then you got some tomato soup coming in with a grilled cheese. Ain't nothing better.

OUIJA

Damn straight.

Maritza looks back at her former friend laughing with her new friends. She longs for the days when they would spend countless hours with each other.

BRANDY, SANKY, and HELEN take seats with the Latinas.

BRANDY

But chicken noodle has to top them all though.

PIDGE

You got a point with that one.

OUIJA

Man my moms would make the best when I was home sick. Shit cured me in a few minutes.

Sanky looks over at Maritza.

SANKY

Hey, you were right to flip that bitch off.

BRANDY
Whatever she did to you, she
probably deserved that.

Maritza looks down at her food. The others give up trying to talk to her.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
Crackers or no crackers?

ZIRCONIA
You know you gotta get some up in there.

SANKY
Believe us, you know we love crackers.

They laugh, except for Martiza, looking back at Flaca.

On Flaca's side, a guard approaches another by the entrance, who then walks over to her.

PRISON GUARD 2
You're visitor's here.

Flaca stands up and walks with the guard.

GROUP
Ooh.

LORNA
Looks like someone's got a little date. Make sure he wraps it up.

She points to her stomach.

LORNA (CONT'D)
Otherwise you'll be having one of these in no time.

Flaca laughs and shakes her head as she is whisked away to the visitors area.

INT. CAPUTO'S OFFICE - DAY

Caputo sits at his desk across from FIG sitting in a chair with her arms crossed. Caputo is frantically typing away and scratching his head.

CAPUTO

They're gonna come down on us and it won't be a shit storm, it'll be a hurricane of shit. We... we have MCC in one corner wanting to monitor every tiny action inside these walls, and then the media which will try and get cameras in here by any means necessary.

FIG

And that is why I am here, helping you for a small fee. You should be thankful.

CAPUTO

Well I'm thankful and worried. Don't you understand lawsuits could be coming our way?

He leans back and thinks.

CAPUTO (CONT'D)

We need them to know it was Piscatella. He's the reason that all went down.

FIG

Yeah, real smart Joe. Blaming a riot on a dead guy who was barely there for it. You'll love watching that while you pack up your stuff.

CAPUTO

(furious)

Then what the fuck am I supposed to do?! MCC had just as much to do with this too.

FIG

You didn't get involved from the get-go, and then we had a guard and inmate dead. To some out there, you may be just as bad as him. Now that you have at least some semblance of balls we're going to get this off our hands.

Caputo swats his hands at Fig then looks back at his computer. He quickly types something but his eyes widen and mouth drops slightly.

CAPUTO

Holy fuck.

Fig goes over to his side and looks over his shoulder. It's a live video with the title "FORMER LITCHFIELD INMATE SPEAKS OUT." Taystee stands before a range of microphones and cameras.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

She takes a deep breath before getting closer to the mics.

TAYSTEE

Thank you for being here. I want to start all of this off by bringing up those who didn't get to see the world outside Litchfield. Tricia Miller, Poussey Washington.

She looks down at the podium then back to the crowd. Some cameras go off.

TAYSTEE (CONT'D)

And Tiffany Doggett. These women didn't have a chance at freedom. What we know at this time is the hatred those working inside of prisons hold for those who are forced to be there. At Litchfield, I witnessed relaxed rules and employees who could not do their job properly. They were dangerous, carrying loaded weapons, and treated us with no respect.

She pounds her fist on the podium and closes her eyes. She opens them up, with more vengeance.

TAYSTEE (CONT'D)

Nobody speaks of these women that we lost. Poussey's murder sparked this riot but nobody is speaking of her legacy. And let's be real clear here, women, black women in particular, never get remembered. Man, Latasha Harlins was killed buying juice but she got overshadowed by Rodney King. Tupac even put her in a song, but do you remember her? No one talks of that shit!

The small crowd is taken back.

TAYSTEE (CONT'D)

Sorry. But what I want today is to see more justice get served. Women in prison are viewed as animals and the zookeepers keep taunting us. Their treatment is abhorrent, and now I am asking for everyone watching, everyone who has a heart, everyone who cares for others, please, help me help them. There are women who deserve more than what they are being given, and there are guards who continue to work day by day with the mindset that just because they're in prison, they should be subjected to torture. I am asking for anyone familiar with the law to assist me in bringing a case against these criminals and ending the mistreatment once and for all. Thank you.

Media ask questions but she walks off. Cameras and microphones follow her but she downs the noise out and moves along.

EXT. LITCHFIELD ENTRANCE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Guards stand watch, weapons pointed down, over the remaining inmates sitting beside the interrogation van. They have a look that screams fatigue and distress.

PIPER

What do you think they're doing in there?

ALEX

Playing candy land. What the fuck do you think they're doing in there? Ripping answers out of you like they were teeth.

PIPER

Yeah but what don't they know at this point? Caputo probably told them everything by this point.

ALEX

Piper, I don't know. I haven't been in there.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

They just want more information so they can find ways to give us harsher sentences. Something like that.

PIPER

Whatever sentence we get might not matter if we are sent to max.

ALEX

Oh shit.

PIPER

What?

ALEX

Don't you think they could find out about

(whispers)

What happened under the garden?

PIPER

No one knows about that. Piscatella seems pretty dead at this point, no one will rat you out.

ALEX

(smug)

Can't be too sure.

PIPER

No matter what I'll be there for you. And if you get three more years than me I promise the wedding planning will be very tasteful. I've got ideas already.

Taystee near the door looks over at Piper and Alex at the rear wheels.

TAYSTEE

Shut the fuck up down there. You still thinking about marriage now?

PIPER

I'm taking my mind off of this
(to Alex)

Besides, you would look really good with a strapless gown.

TAYSTEE

They're trying to fuck with us.

She looks over at the row of guards. They show no interest.

TAYSTEE (CONT'D)

Whatever they got cooking up, there won't be no wedding. You two can talk about gowns, and flowers, and invitations when you're in the ground and all of this has passed.

Piper and Alex sit quietly. Taystee leans back on the van, facing forward, bracing for the worst.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. CABIN - DAY

PENNSATUCKY and DONUTS sit on a couch, snuggled up together under a blanket with the TV flashing images on them.

Sunlight is let into the cabin through the windows, with tress full of leaves. It all looks peaceful from inside. Pennsatucky peers her head over the couch, seeing the outside world through a window.

PENNSATUCKY

Ya know a walk right now would be pretty great. Looks nice out there.

Donuts looks over at the window as well, then back at the TV.

DONUTS

Looks like any other day.

Pennsatucky looks back at the TV too, then up to Donuts.

PENNSATUCKY

Yeah, but it's not everyday that I get to go out there. I just want to run through the leaves.

DONUTS

Well do you want to go for a walk or a run? Make up your mind.

PENNSATUCKY

(taken back)

Jeez, sorry. Just thought I could get fresh air.

DONUTS

Well it's not recommended you do that.

PENNSATUCKY

Says who?

DONUTS

Me.

Her focus returns to the TV, downtrodden.

DONUTS (CONT'D)

I'm going to step out, I'll be back soon.

He gets up to the door and closes it. Through the window Pennsatucky watches him shackle the door. No chance of escaping.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

A guard holds his hand out guiding Flaca into the room. She sees her visitor, DEREK (30s), dressing casual and delighted by her. He waves.

She approaches their table and Derek stands, greeting her with a hug.

DEREK

It's great to see you again.

They both sit, surrounded by OTHER INMATES and VISITORS at different tables within the room. On their table though is a notebook and pen that Derek brought. He pulls it closer to him and opens it up. He clicks his pen and puts it to paper.

DEREK (CONT'D)

What's new today?

FLACA

Not much. Oh, they had corn at the cafeteria today that was real good. Like, better than usual. Something might be up in there.

He takes down notes.

DEREK

So where did we leave off last time?

FLACA

Hmm.

Beat.

FLACA (CONT'D)

Well you last asked me about my makeup tutorials for the internet.

DEREK

Continue, go on.

FLACA

I don't know we did that shit and got famous. Nothing much else to say.

DEREK

Have you spoken to, uh, your old friend in the past few days.

FLACA

Hell nah, she can go straight the fuck to hell.

DEREK

(chuckles)

Well alright.

FLACA

She gets under my skin every time I see her. I just want to wring her out like a towel.

(in Spanish)

Little snake faced bitch.

Derek laughs again and writes down what she says.

DEREK

Nice detail. Alright, switching topics. Did you ever fear for your personal safety during the riot? Like, did you think you would be the next victim after the guard?

FLACA

Well, not really. You know, I can be a tough bitch so I just went with the flow, tried to have fun while it lasted. Everyone tried to do the same, well, for the most part.

She looks at his vigorous writing.

FLACA (CONT'D)

Can you ever come just to chat normally?

DEREK

Flaca, I have an investigative report to do. This will be huge. You thought YouTube got you somewhere, wait till this is in the papers. I won't be the only one coming to visit you then.

Flaca crosses her arms.

INT. TAYSTEE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Taystee opens and walks through the door, running over to the couch. She leans back and closes her eyes, taking time to breathe and be alone.

She picks her head back up and grabs her laptop off a coffee table in front of her. She opens it up and sees dozens of unread emails. Her eyes widen.

She clicks on one and licks her lips. She types ferociously.

INT. OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

19 YEAR OLD TAYSTEE sits in a nondescript office across a HIRING MANAGER. He is middle aged, balding, and wearing glasses. He holds Taystee's cover letter and resume. All that's between them is a desk with a computer on it.

She sits anxiously tapping her feet on the floor. He appears less than impressed, eating a banana while reading her papers over.

19 YEAR OLD TAYSTEE
You'll see I have worked a lot with kids, many of whom come from underprivileged. You know, they don't get many toys for Christmas, parents work day and night trying to give them the best life. It's tough.

HIRING MANAGER
Hmmhmm.

He takes a bite. Taystee is fixated on him.

19 YEAR OLD TAYSTEE
I know you may appreciate some of my other previous work experiences also.

He points to the paper.

HIRING MANAGER
What is this bit about working in fast food? Can you elaborate?

19 YEAR OLD TAYSTEE
Oh you see sir, I wouldn't call it that, as it's so, uh, demeaning to the labor put into it. I'd say I worked to provide nourishment.

HIRING MANAGER

(chuckling)

Huh, yeah.

(serious)

I want to be real here. What do you really want out of this? Just money?

19 YEAR OLD TAYSTEE

Well sir, I have a family that I would very much like to assist. You see, we don't have much to begin with, and the way things are going, we'll have even less.

HIRING MANAGER

Bummer.

He shakes his head. She grows more serious.

19 YEAR OLD TAYSTEE

I want to make sure that everyone has food on their plate and clothes on their back. I am at home with kids who see others at school with the freshest clothes and stuff, but we can't afford that. Not yet, anyway. Man, I wanna change the way they see the world and shit.

HIRING MANAGER

Ms. Jefferson, I really wish I could help and I want you to know that. But you aren't in college and it looks like your grades from high school aren't up to par. I'd have my head chewed off if I let this go any further.

19 YEAR OLD TAYSTEE

Is there anything I can do? Please, I really need something. I'm fed up being cast aside, it's time I made my mark.

HIRING MANAGER

I'm sorry, I really am. Maybe get an associate's degree and come back, then I'll see what I can do. We don't hire the uneducated.

Taystee stands. He puts his hand out to shake it. She accepts.

19 YEAR OLD TAYSTEE
(fighting tears)
Thank you for your time.

INT. CAPUTO'S OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

Caputo has his head in his hands. Once again he faces Fig sitting, legs crossed, directly in front of him.

CAPUTO
You know we may all get fired.

FIG
So? It's not like you contributed
to my removal. Oh wait. You did.

He looks over at her smirking.

CAPUTO
You were involved in a lot of
sketchy shit Natalie. But now, now
we are innocent.

FIG
Oh are we?

CAPUTO
I think. You know you could fucking
help instead of sitting there
smirking.

FIG
Joe, you need to relax. Go get a
massage or something, preferably
one with a happy ending.

CAPUTO
What, you think you can sit here in
my office joking around when we are
about to flooded with media and
lawsuits and, and--

He rises in anger.

FIG
And you think your time at
Litchfield is done?

He sits back down.

FIG (CONT'D)
You're going to be fine. Trust me
on that.

(MORE)

FIG (CONT'D)

The only way they're getting rid of you at this point is if you physically probe one of these girls yourself. For now you're safe.

CAPUTO

What makes you so sure of that?

FIG

Because they wouldn't have allowed you within 20 feet of this place if they didn't have some sort of trust in your abilities, whatever they may be.

CAPUTO

And what about an investigation from the government, huh? That could end both of us.

FIG

They're trying to scare us Joe, they don't have the time to bother with any of that. They just want to come into their offices, whack off to the latest celebrity leak and go back home, sort of the same thing you do.

He pops a smile.

CAPUTO

You've got some nerve.

FIG

And you clearly don't. They're not going to hurt you. Focus on the only problem at hand right now, and that is figuring out how to make all this noise become quiet again.

INT. PIPER'S BUNK - DAY

Piper and Alex lay next to each other on the bed, cuddling. Their laughing tapers off.

PIPER

Those were some shitty invitations.

ALEX

Yeah, we'll make sure to avoid those.

Piper sits up, which forces Alex do the same.

PIPER

Well, here's something we shouldn't avoid.

ALEX

Oh no Piper I don't want to talk about this Caputo thing.

PIPER

But Alex, he wants to make this hellhole a better place, the least we can do is help the poor guy out.

Alex gets up, ready to walk away.

ALEX

Listen, I, no, we are not in the business of helping the warden figure out his next plan, so maybe we should just drop it.

PIPER

Please, stay. At least talk about why not.

Beat.

ALEX

Know what, fine.

Alex sits back down alongside Piper.

PIPER

This is a guy, who even though made some really fucked up decisions, wants to see Litchfield improve, right?

ALEX

(scoffing)

I guess.

PIPER

This is a guy who believes we should have an education program. Who wants there to always be hot water in the showers, and ripe fruits in the kitchen.

ALEX

What's going to happen if we lose him?

PIPER

If he's gone, any progress made
could be reversed. I don't know
about you, but I'm glad to have
something other than mushy bananas.

ALEX

So how would you help him?

INT. MARITZA'S BUNK - DAY

Maritza is crying. Pidge is patting her back and rubbing her
shoulders. Zirconia walks in carrying tissues.

ZIRCONIA

What the fuck is happening here?

PIDGE

She's just upset.
(to Maritza)
Listen, you're gonna be alright.
You're with us.

MARITZA

(wiping tears)
Thanks. I just, I just thought she
would always be there for me and
not treat me this way. Am I crazy?

PIDGE

She falls into Pidge's arms.

PIDGE (CONT'D)

Yeah, okay, well, you're in prison
sweetie, it's hard to trust
anybody.

MARITZA

Am I crazy?

PIDGE

Hell nah girl. Fuck that other
bitch, she don't know what she
missing. She can't see the real
you.

MARITZA

I just wish there were something I
could do you know, or have some
protection?

Pidge looks up over the walls.

PIDGE

Yo Ouija. Get on over here.

Ouija walks in and throws her hands up.

OUIJA

Shit I don't want to deal with this
right now I was tryna read some
Goosebumps, this lizard thing was
about to eat someone or something.

PIDGE

She's upset. She wants some--

Beat.

PIDGE (CONT'D)

Protection.

Ouija takes a seat on the other side of Maritza. She gently
pulls out a shank. She takes Maritza's hand and closes her
fingers around it.

OUIJA

You take good care of it, alright?
Only use in an emergency you hear
me?

Maritza nods. The tears keep coming. Pidge and Ouija look at
each other, wondering why they have to put up with this.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

Taystee sits across from CALVIN (mid 40s, cocky) the head of
a program for a news network. They're in a room with glass
walls, where behind them are different people scrambling with
papers in hand.

Calvin has Taystee's resume in hand. He glances over it, then
plops it on his desk, leans back in his chair, and puts his
hands behind his head.

CALVIN

Ms. Jefferson--

TAYSTEE

It's alright if you call me
Taystee.

CALVIN

Alright, Taystee. How do you feel
you'll be able to help this show
and network?

TAYSTEE

Well you see, sir, after the press conference the other day.

CALVIN

Which was fabulous by the way.
Continue.

TAYSTEE

I want to help others who faced several of the same issues I did. I want to see them get the justice they deserve. And your show is just the perfect opportunity for that.

CALVIN

Ms. Jefferson.

TAYSTEE

Taystee.

CALVIN

Taystee, that didn't really answer my question.

Taystee licks her lips, exuding nervousness.

TAYSTEE

Your program would instantly see an increase in the ratings. Look at your competitors. None of them tackle prison reform issues, and they don't have a correspondent like me who can talk at length about what it's like inside those walls.

CALVIN

So you're thinking is airtime for you means more eyeballs on us?

TAYSTEE

Correct. A strong black woman on national television in primetime is something that'll give you a needed boost.

He looks puzzled. She realizes her mistake.

TAYSTEE (CONT'D)

Oh, not that you needed a boost before, it's just that with me on your side there could just be more success for you and the show.

CALVIN

Well we definitely love better ratings here. That's why we've got a diverse group of programs here.

Calvin points at different posters, all with a white man front and center.

TAYSTEE

Plus, think about the justice we can bring to these girls if we shine a light on these problems their facing. Inadequate meals, poor treatment, there are plenty more to discuss.

CALVIN

Oh Taystee, I don't really pay attention to the whole justice thing. It's such a vague word, and really all people care about is seeing someone who is suffering and do you know why? It's that emotional response. What I saw in you at the press conference is someone who has a lot of emotion. That's what we need.

TAYSTEE

Oh I definitely have emotion, I cried at Up three times in theaters, shit's depressing as hell.

CALVIN

Emotion hooks people in. Our performance compared to our rivals would vastly improve with some of that. You can forget about all that reform mumbo jumbo, just stick to talking about how prisons breed animals. People will gobble it up, like if they're seeing a mother cry because they can't see their kids. That's what I need from you.

TAYSTEE

What you get is Taystee, whether she's talking about justice or not. I ain't got time to blow smoke up everyone's ass.

EXT. LITCHFIELD ENTRANCE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Buses hightail it out of the prison. No one is left around except for the guards, the van, and those who have yet to be inside.

SUZANNE

Oh no, oh no, oh no.

(to Cindy)

No no no! They left without us.

They forgot to take us with them.

Her voice gets louder as she yells to no one.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

How could they do this to us?!

CINDY

Suzanne you need to chill the fuck out. They didn't leave without us.

SUZANNE

They didn't?

CINDY

Fuck no! We weren't supposed to be on those buses. Get it?

SUZANNE

(calm)

We weren't?

CINDY

Those were for the regular people. We, we are the special ones.

SUZANNE

We are?

CINDY

Yes, we need to go talk to some people first before we can get out of here.

Suzanne pushes back against the van.

SUZANNE

That's a relief. Guess we were just too good at hiding.

Frieda steps out of the van with guards escorting her off. She shrugs and sighs.

Guards pick Red up. Before stepping in she looks at her girls.

RED
No matter what happens, I'll always
love you girls. This won't change
anything.

The rest watch intently as she enters, the door closing behind her.

INT. CABIN - PRESENT DAY

Pennsatucky stands at a window watching the outside world, like trees blowing in the wind. She hears footsteps approaching, and chains being unraveled. She picks up speed and rushes to the door. It opens slightly.

Donuts blocks her, mortified by his presence. She's pushed back in by Donuts, who slams the door. He wrangles her down onto the couch, holding her hands back behind her, her face planted into cushions.

PENNSATUCKY
Let me go! Let me go! I didn't do
anything! Please! Let me go!

INT. CAPUTO'S OFFICE - DAY

Caputo eases into his chair. He taps away at a keyboard, then stops, shaking his head at all his work.

CAPUTO
You know what our problem is?

Fig, legs crossed, eyes glaring.

FIG
What Joe?

CAPUTO
One common story, a thread that
wraps everything up.

FIG
Wow, what took you so long?

CAPUTO

We need to get serious Natalie. We need this story to stand out from the rest of this garbage, and it needs to get the attention away from us.

FIG

No, not us. You. You are in this shit, now is the time to wash it off.

He triumphantly stands.

CAPUTO

Piscatella and the rest had inmates treated like zoo animals.

FIG

It'll sound great on paper, until a pundit flips it around and suddenly you're the zookeeper here. How would you like being the unemployed zookeeper?

He sits back down.

CAPUTO

(enraged)

Well I'm not turning on these girls, because they aren't running this fucking prison. They're trying to make it livable.

(calm)

They've come so far and they've put up with so much crap from guards and MCC. It's time to change it up, make this shithole less shitty.

He starts wagging his finger, a smile creeps over his face.

CAPUTO (CONT'D)

I know what I can do.

He picks up his office phone and quickly punches in numbers. It rings.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Taystee hears her phone ringing while walking back to her apartment. She pulls it out of her purse and answers.

TAYSTEE

Hello?

INTERCUT CAPUTO/TAYSTEE

CAPUTO

Yes, Taystee. It's Joe.

Taystee pulls the phone from her ear, looking at it with confusion and disgust. She responds.

TAYSTEE

Mr. Caputo?

CAPUTO

Yes, Taystee how are things going for you today?

Fig is waving her hands and mouthing the words "STOP IT, HANG UP."

TAYSTEE

I am in a great mood Mr. Caputo. Just peachy. And how are on this fine afternoon?

CAPUTO

Well, I can say I've had better. Hey Taystee let me ask you something real quick, look Taystee, I need to get something straight with you.

Fig puts her hand on her head, obviously disappointed with her colleague. Taystee stops. She backs up to a wall and her mouth drops. She drops niceties.

TAYSTEE

Listen here Caputo, I am not interested in working with you on anything. You are the warden, and you ran this place when Poussey was killed. You and Litchfield better be fucking prepared for whatever is thrown your way, because I don't back down. People deserve better treatment than what they are getting, and I will make sure that they get that. I am coming at you fast like a bullet train Caputo, you either get off the tracks now or be demolished.

Her walk resumes.

TAYSTEE (CONT'D)
(professional)
Was there anything else I could
help you with today?

Caputo bites his lip.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

EXT. LITCHFIELD ENTRANCE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Guards pick up Alex by her arms, bringing her towards the van. Piper watches fighting back the tears.

PIPER

I love you. Good luck, I'll be with you soon.

No response from Alex as the door slams shut. Nicky looks over at Piper.

NICKY

Cheer up, think about what you'll do after this. Like, uh, you'll get to shit in a different bathroom for the first time in months. That's something to look forward to, right?

PIPER

Defecating somewhere else. Can't hardly wait.

NICKY

You'll see her again soon, so just take it easy out here for a little.

Taystee can't help but hear them, and looks down at the two of them conversing.

TAYSTEE

Man, don't get her hopes up. Does it look like there's anything to look forward to at this time? We'll be lucky to get more time on our sentence as it is.

Piper and Nicky look right back at Taystee, concerned for her.

NICKY

So what are you thinking will happen Ms. Optimistic?

TAYSTEE

Shut the fuck up. I'm just saying, added time may be the best option. They could throw us in max or make sure we're dead. Hell they may even do all three.

Taystee bangs the back of her head against the van, looking up at the stars in the night sky. She looks right back down at the ground she's sitting on.

TAYSTEE (CONT'D)
I should've fucking taken that
deal. I should've never let it come
to this. This is all on me.

She starts shaking her fists in the handcuffs.

TAYSTEE (CONT'D)
(through crying)
I'm the one who got us in this
fucking mess! I was selfish.
Goddammit, I am the reason
Poussey'll be forgotten.

Piper and Nicky look at each other, being the only other two left out there.

PIPER
Taystee, what you did was brave.
You fought from your heart.

NICKY
You got balls. Without you, these
past three days wouldn't have been
the best I've had in this dump.

One guard walks out of the van and looks down at Taystee crying.

GUARD
Hey shut up, you're making too much
noise.

He runs back in the van. Taystee cries quietly to herself.

INT. ALEX'S BUNK - PRESENT DAY

Alex is reading on her bed when Piper walks in, pen and paper in her hand.

ALEX
What's all this?

PIPER
Hear me out, we are going to make a
list for talking to Caputo.

ALEX

Piper you're really starting to get crazy. Forget this already.

PIPER

Alex, you're going to stay and help me like a good fiancé. Taystee did everything in her power to help us out. She is actually speaking up, so now it's our time. We're the ones on the inside.

ALEX

Whatever

Alex moves to give Piper room to sit. She clicks her pen and starts dividing the page.

PIPER

(while writing)

So, we have to help ease the Taystee/Litchfield situation. Let's start off with getting something out of the way first. Piscatella, did not start this, but he was a catalyst.

ALEX

He was an asshole too, don't leave that out.

PIPER

Neither Caputo nor Taystee may be right, but the least that can happen is that they should agree on a fundamental principle.

ALEX

Well, what do you have in mind?

PIPER

Why did Taystee storm the bunks that day?

ALEX

She was furious about Caputo not mentioning Poussey's name.

PIPER

Right. So this is about Poussey and how to come to terms with her untimely death.

She underlines the word Poussey on the paper.

ALEX

Well look at who killed her.

PIPER

Alex! That's it!

ALEX

What? Bailey?

PIPER

Yes. Bailey was inexperienced and didn't have formal training. It's our root here. Bailey killed her best friend and now is the time for Litchfield to admit it.

ALEX

It would definitely make Taystee happy.

Piper draws a box around Bailey's name.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Maritza brushes her teeth in the mirror. Flaca walks in carrying a towel. She spots Maritza and intentionally bumps into her. Some toothpaste drools out of Maritza's mouth as she hits the tile floor hard.

Other inmates in the bathroom, some clothed and some not, take the time to mock Maritza. Flaca shrugs her shoulders.

FLACA

Oops. My mistake. I was just trying to have you make some space for me. Thanks for that.

Maritza lifts herself off the floor and goes to a stall. She is alone sitting on the toilet. She drops her toothbrush and puts her hands to her face, leaving them there as she sniffles through pain.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Right where she was on the couch, Pennsatucky continues yelping, struggling to break free against the power Donuts holds over her. She squirms like a worm, and Donuts tries to keep her still.

PENNSATUCKY

Just let me go! Please!

DONUTS

I can't let you do this. You don't know what could happen if anyone sees you out there. What they could do to me, to you!

PENNSATUCKY

(face in a cushion)

I just wanted to see the woods.

Her placid body lays there with hands firmly behind her back.

DONUTS

They could take you back to prison, but you won't be with your big lesbian friend Dogget. You'll suffer in max. On top of that, how would you feel when they lock me up too, hmm? Because there's no way they'd let me go after hiding away an inmate.

She wiggles her face out of the cushion, taking in oxygen while on top, he holds her down.

PENNSATUCKY

I'm sorry. I didn't think about it like that. Let's just keep things the way they are.

DONUTS

You better be sorry.

He steps onto the floor freeing her. She sits back up on the couch, but he is standing towering over her stature.

DONUTS (CONT'D)

The two of us, we need to be on the same level, alright? You know I love you, and I don't want to see anything happen to you.

Pennsatucky, looking down, morosely nods.

EXT. YARD - DAY

Flaca laughs at a table with Gloria. On a bright day, they're beside themselves in the shade. Maritza, walking with Maria gets close to their little rendezvous, but nervously stops then picks up walking in another direction. Maria doesn't understand.

MARIA

Whoa where are you going?

Beat.

MARITZA

I... I can't go that way. C'mon
let's just walk over here.

MARIA

(anger rising)

Well, I don't want to go over
there. This is a fine path for us.

Maritza rushes back to her side.

MARITZA

Listen, I really don't want to go
near her. Please, can we just have
a nice walk in another direction?

MARIA

No chica, you need to face your
problems head on, otherwise they're
gonna get worse. It may feel good
for a time, but that shit's gonna
catch up with you, and it's gonna
be destructive.

MARITZA

I know I know, but she's just going
to make my life hell.

MARIA

Yeah, but you're going to make it
hell too. What even happened
between you two? You used to be up
each other's asses like Chip and
Dale.

Maritza licks her lips and sees happily Flaca recounting a
story with Gloria.

MARITZA

Okay... okay okay okay. Here it is.
After we were put back in
Litchfield, probably a month before
you came back, my brother started
going through some cancerous shit.
So I got furlough and spent some
time with the family and stuff.

Her eyes start getting watery. Her lip quivers.

MARIA

Keep going.

MARITZA

(voice cracking)

Flaca's new

(air quotes)

Boyfriend who works at the paper shows up to share his condolences. Flaca told him to go or something. Anyway, he tried to talk about the riot, but I just couldn't, so he took me to dinner to cheer me up. Nice place too, Ferraro's.

MARIA

Delicious stuff. When my mother's boyfriend's cousin's boyfriend Geraldo got out of rehab we went there. We filled up good.

MARITZA

And he paid and was so sweet. And... and it made me real happy Flaca found someone.

MARIA

So you being happy for her made her all of a sudden hate your living guts?

MARITZA

He offered to take me back to his room, which was nice. I went and he...

Beat.

MARITZA (CONT'D)

He pushes me down on the bed and starts ripping my clothes off. I told him no, I don't want to do this, please get off, take me home, but do you think he listened?

Maria shakes her head. Maritza uses her sleeve to wipe away stray tears.

MARITZA (CONT'D)

He said I needed this, because I wouldn't get this opportunity in a female prison. He said if I got up and left he'll tell the prison I was doing drugs while on furlough.

(MORE)

MARITZA (CONT'D)
I went back the next morning with
the memory of him. Days later--

She looks over at Flaca, still giddy.

MARITZA (CONT'D)
Flaca walks over and--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY - FLASHBACK

Flaca whips Maritza in the head with a newspaper. Her hair's all over her face, mouth wide open with shock. Flaca full of rage spits right in her. No guards paying attention.

FLACA
(in Spanish)
Don't talk to me again you fucking
whore.

She drops the newspaper and struts off like a new woman. Maritza, with all eyeballs on her, bends down shaking and picks up the weapon. Close up on the line "INMATE ATTEMPTS SEXUAL ADVANCE."

EXT. YARD - CONTINUOUS

Maritza sniffles. She crosses her arms.

MARIA
That's some fucked up twisted
maniacal shit. Yo fuck that
reporter guy. I'll squeeze his nuts
so hard he'll be squirting blood
out his nose.

MARITZA
She'll never talk to me.

MARIA
Oh no, she's a tough cookie now.
She thinks she runs this shit
because she got leverage over you.

MARITZA
(shrugging)
I have no idea how to have her see
the truth.

MARIA

You gotta do something to make her see you differently. She is head over heels with this motherfucker, and she's not gonna be able to see how sick he really is. No story you tell is gonna make her see the truth, so you just needa show her who you really are. Gotta think of something substantial.

INT. TAYSTEE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Taystee flops down on the couch, exhausted. She lets out an exasperated sigh and covers her eyes with her hands. Her arm slides down to the floor, searching for the remote. She turns on the television.

On a news channel, there is a protest going on, with a reporter in front of angry folk. Her head shakes, and eagerly changes to a different station. Now she's watching an old 90s sitcom. She lays there and pulls a blanket down from atop the couch.

The sound of fondling keys gets Taystee's attention and she shifts her head to the door where Renee enters with a DATE. She spots Taystee unamused on the couch.

RENEE

(whispering)

Okay, it's just this way.

She lets out a slight giggle, as does the man she brought back. Their attempt at silent retreat fails. They slam the door to Renee's bedroom. Indistinguishable talking stems from it.

TAYSTEE

Hey, keep it down some of us are trying to relax.

EXT. LITCHFIELD ENTRANCE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Piper's head rests on Nicky's. Nicky is slouching, eyes closed, ready to fall into a deep slumber. Suzanne is shaking, either from the cold or anxiety, and rapidly looks back and forth.

TAYSTEE

Man quit it, nobody is going to hurt you right now.

SUZANNE

But, but, I'm hungry and I need
water, and, and--

The shaking worsens.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

I'm tired and I want to go home! I
want to go home! Just please, let
me go home!

TAYSTEE

Suzanne, please. It's late, I don't
know when we'll have food or water
just take it easy. I'm right here,
nobody will hurt you. We ain't
going back in anytime soon.

A GUARD sees Piper resting on Nicky. He goes over and kicks
her. She jolts up.

GUARD

Stay awake.

Taystee looks over, eyes filled with fire. She interlocks her
hand with Suzanne's. The door creeps open and Cindy exits,
eyes wide and frazzled. She's escorted away.

END OF ACT 3

ACT 4

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Caputo takes out keys, searching for the necessary one, and locks his office door. To his surprise, Piper and Alex come strolling down, smiling and effervescent.

CAPUTO

Good night ladies, if you want to talk with me we can take care of that in the morning.

PIPER

Oh no Mr. Caputo, we need to talk now.

They stand inches apart, forcing him to move closer to the door.

ALEX

How are you managing this whole Taystee dilemma?

CAPUTO

We're managing fine, thanks.

PIPER

Are you? Because if I know Taystee, I know she doesn't run from a fight, she'll spit in your face and tell you to bring all you got.

ALEX

We saw the news today, Joe.

Caputo's heart begins to race.

CAPUTO

I don't know what the fuck we're gonna do alright? Are you happy now?

PIPER

It's not use you need to make happy, it's her. We don't want to be flooded with questions about what we've been through with her.

ALEX

You need to peacefully and respectfully end this with her.

CAPUTO

What do you think we have been doing? Since you're telling me what I already know, do you have any ideas of your own?

ALEX

As a matter of fact we do.

PIPER

Bailey.

Beat.

CAPUTO

What about him?

PIPER

It was him. He's the reason she's enraged. He's why her best friend isn't by her side.

ALEX

He was poorly trained. All of these guards were when you come to think of it, except he killed someone inside.

PIPER

It's time to stop sticking up for him and start having him pay the price.

Piper gives him a little push on his shoulder. She walks away with Alex and Caputo stands there, frozen.

ALEX

You didn't need to do that last part.

PIPER

It was part of the character, leave me alone.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Donuts awakes under the blanket on the couch, yawning and stretching. A smell grabs his focus and he sees Pennsatucky over the stove making eggs.

PENNSATUCKY

Morning sleepyhead. I got eggs coming right up.

He moves to the table. She comes to him, setting down scrambled eggs on his plate that already has bacon and pancakes on it. Her section has the same.

He digs in while she runs water from the sink. She joins him for their breakfast.

PENNSATUCKY (CONT'D)

How'd you sleep?

DONUTS

Good. You?

PENNSATUCKY

It was alright. I didn't want to wake you to come to the bed so I left you on the couch.

He takes a few more bites.

DONUTS

This is good, thanks.

PENNSATUCKY

It was my pleasure.

She digs in too.

PENNSATUCKY (CONT'D)

Hey, what do you say we go out later for a--

He drops his silverware and it clinks on the plate.

DONUTS

For God's sake Dogget you're not leaving this cabin. How many times am I going to tell you?

PENNSATUCKY

I just don't see what would be so wrong it's not going to kill me.

DONUTS

But I am scared and I am the one allowing you to be here right now.

PENNSATUCKY

Dude please, I just want some fresh air, we don't even open the windows here. I want to touch the leaves, walk by the trees, just be somewhere else but here.

DONUTS

(raising his voice)

If this was your way of bribing me,
it's not gonna work. Forget it.
You're not fucking leaving.

PENNSATUCKY

You're being an ass. You're acting
like my fucking jailer, except you
don't watch me take a dump, but I'm
scared that will be next. Oh, and
since you haven't shown your face
in that prison for, what, six
months now, how are we supposed to
live when you have no money coming
in, hmm?

He raises.

DONUTS

I'm done. I can't finish this. The
eggs were runny anyway.

PENNSATUCKY

Fuck you, you ridiculous prick.

He grabs a book off the coffee table. He chucks it at her but
misses. She flinches. He starts rubbing his forehead.

DONUTS

I helped you every way I can, and
now you wandering away from home is
going to bring it all down. If you
want to leave me go right ahead,
but I can't say I won't tell Caputo
where you are.

Beat. He points her to the door.

DONUTS (CONT'D)

You are all I have right now
Tiffany. Please.

She licks her lips. Back to the pancakes for her.

DONUTS (CONT'D)

You like those pancakes, I'll go
get some more for you.

He grabs the keys from the coffee table and jogs to the door.
He slams it hard enough for the curtains to dance in the
wind. Through a tiny window in the door, she sees him
shackling the door.

INT. TAYSTEE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Right where Taystee was the night before, with the same old sitcom, she awakes. Renee stands at the doorway blowing a kiss to her departing sleepover date. She closes it, then goes to the chair next to Taystee.

RENEE

Good morning there.

TAYSTEE

(groggy)

Hey.

RENEE

I just gotta tell you, I was watching the other day. That took guts. I couldn't get up there and do that. I know from living with you and what I watched on tv, you're gonna get what you want. I assure you.

Taystee spreads back out on the couch, still in a tired state.

TAYSTEE

Thank you. I'm trying. They'll see how wrong they are soon. As long as I build a good team around me.

RENEE

Honestly, fuck other people. You can do this on your own. You're strong Taystee. No one can tell you otherwise. But, I mean, if you knew someone who was in the same situation as you it could better your case, but if not, you can do it all by yourself.

Taystee flings herself up. She snatches her computer onto her lap. She types away. On the screen, she pounds out an email to an inmate's rights organization.

EXT. LITCHFIELD ENTRANCE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Hermann walks out of the van like a king. He approaches a guard and whispers in his ear. The guard nods.

HERMANN

Suzanne Warren, how you would you like to chat in this nice van here?

The guards grab her by her arms and lift her up. She takes good looks at both of them while being entirely petrified. Taystee takes a long look before she goes in.

SUZANNE

No, no, no. I, I don't like this.
No.

TAYSTEE

Suzanne, it'll be alright. Think of me sitting right here, and I'll be thinking of you.

She gives Taystee a slow but affirming nod.

HERMANN

Inmate, quiet down and wait your turn.

(to Suzanne)

Let's begin our fun.

They're in the van, leaving Taystee out in the dark of night, with only one other guard watching over her. Nothing but silence.

INT. CAFETERIA - PRESENT DAY

Back in everyone's typical eating location, Flaca engages in conversation with her new crew. Maritza walks over to her table like always, but this time she goes a longer route, avoiding any proximity to her.

She sits back at her table and rips into a biscuit.

OUIJA

How's your little safety buddy
working out for you?

PIDGE

Got any special plans for it?

MARITZA

Oh no, I think it'll just be in a
safe place for now.

OUIJA

Man that's no fun. Now I kinda want
it back.

HELEN

Listen, if I were in your position,
I'd use it on some bitch who
wronged me. Make sure she never
forgets that I'm better.

She spots an inattentive guard.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Like him. Oh, he'd be fun to mess
with.

ZIRCONIA

Yo guys, can we get back on track
here? We need a quick show of
hands, pretzel or cheddar goldfish.
All for cheddar?

They all put a hand up.

ZIRCONIA (CONT'D)

Damn, y'all are underestimating the
salty goodness of the pretzel ones,
bunch of wackos.

Maritza laughs for what may be the first time in a while.

INT. CAPUTO'S OFFICE - DAY

Caputo enters empowered. His mustache is even in a good mood.
He takes his seat at the desk, and much to his
disappointment, Fig is already sitting in her chair.

FIG

Having a good morning Joe?

CAPUTO

Know what Natalie? I most certainly
am. Because I have a quick fix to
get the eyes on something else.

FIG

I would say let me hear it, but I
have a plan myself, and let's be
frank here, it's probably better.

CAPUTO

Scrap it. I know what we're going
to do.

FIG

You have my attention.

He crosses his arms, taking the power from her.

CAPUTO

Taystee is mad not just at us, but the system. Why did the riot begin in the first place? Poussey, her beloved friend gone too soon.

FIG

Rest in peace, blah, whatever.

CAPUTO

What was the reason for her death? Bailey.

FIG

The guy you didn't mention on national tv that infuriated her?

CAPUTO

Precisely. Now, he's going to get the recognition he is owed. Him, and everyone else who didn't receive the proper training and experience needed to work in a minimum security female prison.

She chuckles, leans forward, flashes a grin, and licks her upper lip.

FIG

Look at that, maybe it's not just the penis that's big, it's the balls too.

CAPUTO

I've gotten a lot incorrect before, now I'm going to show her I'm right.

FIG

I'll get a press conference going.

She pulls out her cell phone. Time to get to business.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Maritza is in a stall, taking care of business of her own. Flaca walks into the bathroom, noticing all the stall doors closed. She looks over one of them and sees a naked inmate.

FLACA

Sorry!

On to the next one. She peers her head over, sees Maritza, and gets a devilish grin from cheek to cheek. Maritza tries to protect herself by pulling up her pants and getting on top of the toilet.

The door flies open and Flaca grabs Maritza's arm tight.

MARITZA
Ow stop, it hurts.

She goes down, hard. Some of the inmates laugh.

BATHROOM INMATES
Ooh.

MARITZA
Really? What was that for?

FLACA
Just needed to use a toilet. Looks like I found an open one.

The guard walks in after hearing the array of noises.

GUARD
Everything okay in here?

FLACA
It's all good, we were having some fun. Nothing unusual.

Maritza blows hair out of her way. She pulls herself up and brushes off. The guard, looking unsure, walks out.

FLACA (CONT'D)
(to Maritza)
You think the storm has already come, but that was just a sun shower. It doesn't get easy from here, so you better watch your back.

INT. CAPUTO'S OFFICE - DAY

Fig is on the phone pacing around. Caputo's eyes follow her, intently figuring out what is happening between her and the other line.

FIG
(on phone)
Okay. Yep. Thank you. Bye.

She ends the call. The phone is placed on his desk.

FIG (CONT'D)

We have a press conference today.
3pm. Please change into something
more suitable for television okay?

CAPUTO

What's wrong with what I got?

FIG

Joe take my word for it and get on
a suit, we don't need you on
Fashion Police.

INT. INMATE'S RIGHTS ORGANIZATION - DAY

Taystee walks in and notes a cork-board beside the entrance.
Posters from court are tacked on. There are thank you cards
as well. Taystee goes to one with flowers on the front and
reads it.

TAYSTEE

(reading card)

Thanks for everything, you've made
my boyfriend's life one worth
living again.

She spots the front desk, neat and organized.

TAYSTEE (CONT'D)

Hi, excuse me, I have an
appointment for today. Is she--

Nearby a door opens up. Out comes ALEIDA, arms open for a
hug.

ALEIDA

Bitch, get your ass over here.

JEREMY (40s, balding, glasses) a lawyer, creeps out,
awkwardly behind Aleida. He gives a brief wave to say hello.

ALEIDA (CONT'D)

This is Jeremy, he's been a big
help to us.

TAYSTEE

Well it's nice to meet you

END OF ACT 4

ACT 5

EXT. LITCHFIELD ENTRANCE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Still in the same position as the night progressed, Taystee is left alone outside. Hermann sticks his head out of the van.

HERMANN

Let's keep this train rolling.

The lone guard lifts Taystee up. She gives in, no restraint. She's moved into the van, the last inmate standing.

INT. INTERROGATION VAN - CONTINUOUS

Hermann has Taystee sit down in a chair. The inside is small, poorly lit, and lacking character.

HERMANN

Oh Ms. Jefferson, I've waited to talk with you. Boy, you ruined a good thing with the governor didn't you?

Taystee makes eye contact.

HERMANN (CONT'D)

That's the whole reason we had to find you, you just couldn't say yes. I'm not gonna pussyfoot around here, so let me tell you why you're the most special one.

He rests his hands on the table and looks at her menacingly.

HERMANN (CONT'D)

You know the reason there were two buses shipping your kind out of here? The reason your friends won't be behind those walls ever again? It was you. See, they all came and went in this absurd van because I knew all along that I want to speak with mastermind Taystee.

He inches closer, raising his voice.

HERMANN (CONT'D)

It didn't matter what anyone else said because I knew this filthy show of rebellion all comes back to you. You Ms. Jefferson, started this riot, and most certainly didn't end it.

She tilts her head down, eyes closed, trying to keep it together. He gets ever closer.

HERMANN (CONT'D)

You ruined a good thing, and to all of us watching, why it would appear that you were just as bad as that Piscatella guy. In fact I would say what you did back there is just as bad, if not worse, than what that other guy did to your friend Ms. Washington.

TAYSTEE

That's enough! Enough!

The tears have come, and the rage building up is unleashed.

TAYSTEE (CONT'D)

I didn't do anything. You and your friends are the monsters. We fucking tried to live as normal as humanly possible but everyone made it hell on earth. The guards either wanted to fuck us or kill us.

He walks around unbothered.

TAYSTEE (CONT'D)

The quality and lack of food, the work that barely paid a cent, we weren't inmates we were slaves. We've always been dealt the short end of the stick, and everyone looked at us like we were a threat.

He puts his hands in his pockets, moving towards the door.

TAYSTEE (CONT'D)

(crying)

We just wanted to keep whatever dignity we had left.

Hermann removes his hands from pockets and pushes the door. A guard files in and grabs Taystee.

HERMANN

You said it best: enough.

The guard moves Taystee out. Another one comes in to speak with him.

HERMANN (CONT'D)

Take this one to the other van, she needs to receive a further investigation.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Pennsatucky stands by the window, looking outside, her eyes catching every aspect of the free world.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Donuts carries a bag of assorted groceries while pulling out keys. He lifts the bag on his knee and undoes the shackles. The door flings open and Pennsatucky sprints out.

She runs as if she were an Olympian. Donuts forgets the groceries and chases her, never quite matching her speed.

The leaves crunch beneath their feet. He stops for a second, Pennsatucky nowhere in sight. She continues running, never looking back. Alone in the woods, Donuts yells with no one around to hear him.

INT. PIPER'S BUNK - DAY

Piper's lays down drawing on a notepad. Alex walks over.

ALEX

Hey. I hate to admit this, and I know you're never gonna let me live this down, but you were right.

Piper sits back up.

PIPER

With Caputo?

ALEX

Listen, I just wanted to forget about all that riot and justice stuff for a little, but I mean, Taystee fought so hard, we could have at least helped a little.

She sits down and they kiss.

PIPER

Well you were right too, I'm never gonna forget this moment.

ALEX

Now, for the love of god, can we please just talk about something else.

PIPER

Fine. I had some honeymoon ideas lined up. You're definitely gonna want to hear about this hotel in the Maldives.

They both chuckle.

INT. SPANISH BUNKS - DAY

Maritza and Ouija walk around the bunk on the way towards the cafeteria.

MARITZA

So yeah I was like, I'm good thanks.

OUIJA

He's one weird dude.

MARITZA

Tell me about it.

Flaca walks over and Maritza, not seeing her, accidentally bumps into her. Flaca's face lights up, raging.

FLACA

What the fuck was that for?

No response. Flaca gets closer to her and puts her hand on her shoulder, about to push her. Maritza takes out her hidden shank from her pocket and lunges toward Flaca's side. A crowd starts to form.

Flaca latches onto Maritza's arm before Maritza can fully attack her. The shank drops to the floor and they follow it, Flaca grabbing it first. This time, it enters Maritza's back. Her uniform is turning red.

A guard stands at the entrance watching. The crowd is stunned.

GUARD

Let's go you're done.

He yanks Flaca way from the scene.

OUIJA

Let's get you to medical.

Ouija assists a panicked Maritza out.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Taystee, Aleida, and Jeremy sit around a big conference table, with a television right by the head.

ALEIDA

It's been a while Taystee how've you been?

TAYSTEE

You know, getting by. And you?

ALEIDA

Never better. I started this organization after seeing that riot shit go down, figured that if I have the privilege of being in the real world, I could do something good with it, especially to help Daya. That's why I'm so happy you came to us. How'd you get released?

TAYSTEE

Deals were finally made. All I'll say is you can't rat out a rat.

ALEIDA

Amen sister.

JEREMY

(to Taystee)

If I may interject, I must say that your press conference the other day was great. It's exactly why we're prepared to do what we can to help you.

ALEIDA

You need it, we got it. You're powerful voice is gonna get us a lot of fucking press. Good press too.

JEREMY

Now if you were unaware, Joe Caputo
has scheduled a press conference
himself for this afternoon, so
let's check it out.

He takes the remote and turns the television on. Before a small crowd, just a bit bigger than Taystee's with cameras and microphones, Caputo stands anxiously at a podium. The lower third reads "LITCHFIELD WARDEN ADDRESSES PRESS."

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. LITCHFIELD ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Fig is off to his side. Caputo is focused.

CAPUTO

... Were handed guards who were
poorly instructed. They received no
formal training. They did not yet
have sufficient experience in
dealing with inmates in a federal
prison.

INTERCUT ROOM/CONFERENCE

Taystee holds a fist to her mouth, finally pleased with Poussey's mention.

Aleida, Jeremy, and Taystee, now standing near each other, fixate on the screen.

CAPUTO

Guards went unpunished for crimes
they committed. It became a cycle
of injustice after injustice
without repercussion.

Beat.

CAPUTO (CONT'D)

That ends now. Today, as the warden
of Litchfield Penitentiary, I call
on correctional officer Baxter
Bailey to be held accountable for
causing the murder of Poussey
Washington.

Taystee's jaw drops. Aleida and Jeremy grow big smiles.

CAPUTO (CONT'D)

The actions he took that lead to the untimely death of Poussey Washington resonates with many around the country. We do not want to let this go unnoticed. Litchfield wants to have a hand in making progress.

Taystee gives one large clap at those words.

CAPUTO (CONT'D)

Bailey should not be deemed innocent, he should not be able to walk free, and he should not be removed from this conversation. He is, by all accounts, responsible, for murder. That is all from us today, thank you.

Caputo and Fig walk off back to the prison with a flurry of questions thrown his way.

CAPUTO (CONT'D)

How'd I do?

FIG

You didn't fuck up, and that's all that matters now.

Taystee lets out a joyful scream. Aleida gives her a hug. It's all joyful.

JEREMY

I don't want to bring down this mood, but this is only one battle. There are more huddles we have to jump over.

ALEIDA

You in Taystee?

TAYSTEE

(loaded with adrenaline)
Fuck yeah I'm in!

Tears stream down Taystee's face.

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY - DAY

Flaca has two guards on each side of her walking down a hallway. Inmates behind bars along the path take looks at the newest member. They reach a bunk.

GUARD
You'll be here. Get used to it.

The guards leave abruptly. Flaca, scared, looks at her new digs. MAX INMATE 1 approaches her. She strokes Flaca's cheek.

MAX INMATE 1
Hiya pretty, where are you from?

MAX INMATE 2 walks over.

MAX INMATE 2
She's too skinny. Look at those arms they wouldn't even feed her to a dog.

MAX INMATE 1
Quiet skank.

Flaca, even more scared, is approached by MAX INMATE 3.

MAX INMATE 3
You know what I say ladies? We should introduce her to the Duchess.

The three max inmates giggle like children.

MAX INMATE 1
Come, come, come!

They all grab her and pull her to a bunk. In it sits DAYA, getting her feet rubbed and nails inspected. She wears a toilet paper crown. She slowly swivels her head over at Flaca with the leisure of real royalty.

MAX INMATE 3
Kneel for your Duchess.

They force Flaca down onto her knee, worried for her life.

INT. BAILEY'S HOUSE - DAY

BAILEY'S MOM and DAD walk up the stairs in their modest home. Along the walls are Bailey family pictures.

BAILEY'S MOM
Why is he sleeping so late?

BAILEY'S DAD
I don't know honey, he's young, maybe he was out last night?

They walk over to his door and knock. Nothing happens. They give each other a worried look.

BAILEY'S MOM
Well I'm going in.

BAILEY'S DAD
No, you don't need to--

She already opened the door.

INT. BAILEY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They walk in and see Bailey sprawled out dead on the bed. Bailey's Mom covers her mouth before falling down with a shriek. Bailey's Dad tries comforting but is equally upset.

Over on his nightstand is a clock with the time of 3:45 PM. It's sitting next to an opened bottle of antifreeze and a glass. Under the bottle is a note.

CUT TO ORANGE

END OF EPISODE